

DICKS' STANDARD PLAYS.

"THE LOAN OF A LOVER,"
AND
"SOMEBODY ELSE."

BOTH WRITTEN BY J. R. PLANCHÉ.



ORIGINAL COMPLETE EDITIONS.

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HOW TO MAKE UP THE FIGURE.

HOW TO MAKE UP THE FACE.

HOW TO TREAD THE STAGE.

HANDS.

THE VARIOUS

MOTIONS.

YOURSELF AS A

LADY OR GENTLEMAN.

HOW TO OBTAIN AN ENGAGEMENT.

Extract from the Preface of the Work:—"There are certain difficulties that are inseparable from the earliest phases of the dramatic art. There are others that arise chiefly, if not solely, from the want of practical information, arranged in proper order, and conveyed with due simplicity and clearness of definition." Such difficulties necessarily result in a greater or less degree of disappointment to those who are candidates for dramatic honours; and not unfrequently lead to the abandonment, almost without actual trial, of the profession of the stage by those who might, if properly directed, have come to be reckoned among its chief ornaments.

"It is the purpose of the following pages to remove, where possible, and in all cases to lessen just such difficulties, by furnishing a ready reference to information which shall smooth the way for the more resolute, and, at the same time, encourage the desponding to persevere."

London: JOHN DICKS, 313 Strand. All Booksellers.

THE LOAN OF A LOVER.
A VAUDEVILLE.

BY J. R. PLANCHÉ.

First Performed at the Royal Olympic Theatre, Monday, September 29th, 1834.



Dramatis Personæ.

| See page 9.

CAPTAIN AMERSFORT	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Mr. J. Vining.
PETER SPIKE	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Mr. Keeley.
SWYZEL	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Mr. William Vining.
DELVE	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Mr. Wyman.
GERTRUDE	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Madame Vestris.
ERNESTINE ROSENDALE	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Miss Fitzwalter.

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HOW TO TREAD THE STAGE.

HOW TO MANAGE THE HANDS.

HOW TO EXPRESS THE VARIOUS
PASSIONS AND EMOTIONS.

HOW TO DO BYE-PLAY.

HOW TO COMPORT YOURSELF AS A
LADY OR GENTLEMAN.

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DELVE	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Mr. Wyman.
GERTRUDE	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Madame Vestris.
ERNESTINE ROSENDALE	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Miss Fitzwalter.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION.—One Hour and Twenty Minutes.

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COSTUME.

AMERSFORT.—A military undress.

PETER.—Plain square-cut coat, large buttons; trunk breeches, striped stockings; shoes and buckles; and broad-brimmed hat.

SWYZEL.—Ibid.

DELVE.—Ibid.

ERNESTINE.—Modern walking dress.

GERTRUDE.—*First dress*: Plain but neat peasant's dress. *Second dress*: White satin and veil.

** THE LINES BETWEEN INVERTED COMMAS ARE SOMETIMES OMITTED
IN REPRESENTATION.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*; L. U. E. *Left Upper Entrance*; R. U. E. *Right Upper Entrance*; L. S. E. *Left Second Entrance*; P. S. *Prompt Side*; O. P. *Opposite Prompt*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R.

RC.

C.

LC.

L.

** The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

THE LOAN OF A LOVER.

SCENE.—Gardens of a Villa on the Canal, near Utrecht. The tower of the Cathedral is seen in the distance. In n. corner of the Garden, overlooking the Canal, is a summer-house, in the Dutch taste.

Enter SWYZEL and DELVE, L. 2 R.

Swy. Do as you're bid, and no reflections. Don't you know the mistress is the master?

Del. Well, but now really, Mynheer Swyzel—to put out the orange-trees before the white frosts are over—is that common sense?

Swy. What have you to do with common sense? Nothing at all, or you would not pretend to have more than your mistress. It is Ma'amselle Ernestine's pleasure to turn the orangery into a ball-room, and turned it must be.

Del. But the trees will die.

Swy. Let 'em die, then—that's their business; yours is to clear the place out, according to order. About it without more words! If she told me to fling all the schiedam in the cellar into the canal, I should do so without hesitation.

Del. You'd fling yourself after it, I'm sure.

Swy. Not when it was mixed with water, you rogue; or while the Baron has money enough to buy more. Come, to work—to work, or you'll not get the room ready by midnight.

Del. Oh, my poor orange-trees—they'll die, every one of them!

[Exit Delve, L.]

Swy. Silly fellow to trouble his head about what does not concern him. If his employers take no care for their own interests, why should he fidget about them? He hasn't the slightest notion of service! Ah, here's Peter Spyk!

Enter PETER, R.

Well, Peter.

Peter. Good morning, Master Steward.

Swy. So, you've been to Amsterdam, to buy cattle, I hear!

Peter. Aye; and fine beasts they are, too, Master Steward. But, talking of beasts, how do you find yourself to-day? You were rather poorly when I left.

Swy. Oh, I'm better, thank you; but I'm not so young as I was thirty years ago! I find that Peter. Ah, I envy you, you rogue—three-and-twenty, stout-timbered, light-hearted, and rich, I may say, for old Jan Spyk, your father, left you a pretty round sum, I take it!

Peter. Why, it might have been less, and yet worth having, Master Steward.

Swy. Well, and why don't you get a wife now? All the girls in the neighbourhood are pulling caps for you.

Peter. Why, I don't know. They do look at me somehow; but I'm not smitten with anybody in particular. However, I don't wish to prevent them. They may fall in love with me, then I can choose, you know.

Swy. Well, perhaps that's the best way.

Peter. Yes, I think so. As Gertrude said to me

the other day, you don't love anybody in particular, Peter, so you can look about you.

Swy. Gertrude! What, our Gertrude? The simpleton that has the run of the house and gardens, by permission of the Baron, because she is the orphan daughter of his old bailiff, and who is always so mighty busy doing nothing at all, by way of earning the living allowed her! Is she your counsellor?

Peter. Oh, she and I gossip now and then, when we meet! She's a sort of relation of mine—my brother-in-law's aunt stood godmother to her.

Swy. Well, that is a sort of relation, certainly.

Peter. And then, you see, simpleton as she is, she has now and then an idea, and that's the only thing I want. I never have an idea. It's very odd, but I never have what you can really call an idea—of my own, that is—for I'm quick enough if a person only just— And yesterday, now, I saw her but for two or three minutes, and I'll be hanged if she didn't give me a capital idea, and that's what has brought me here this morning. You've a Captain Amersfort staying here, haven't you?

Swy. Oh, yes; one of our young lady's score of lovers, and the best of 'em, too, to my mind; but she's too capricious to make up hers. He's a fine fellow—handsome, clever, gallant—

Peter. And landlord of the fine farm of Apple-doorn, so Gertrude says.

Swy. Ah, and you want to be his tenant, no doubt?

Peter. Why, Gertrude thinks—

Swy. Well, she's right there—it's a pretty property; but there are several farmers offering.

Peter. So she tells me; but she says that if you were to speak to the Captain in my favour—

Swy. Well, she's right there, too. If I were to speak—

Peter. And will you—will you, Master Steward? I've a keg at home of the finest flavour, which I should be too happy—

Swy. Pshaw—pshaw! You know if I do anything, it's never with a view to benefit myself, Peter; so send me the keg, if it will serve you, and we'll see what can be done about it.

Gertrude. (Without.) Mynheer Swyzel—Mynheer Swyzel!

Swy. Here comes Gertrude!

Enter GERTRUDE, running, R.

Ger. Mynheer Swyzel—Mynheer Swyzel!

Swy. Well, don't bawl so, you young baggage! What do you want?

Ger. (Out of breath.) You're to go directly! I've been looking for you everywhere, to tell you— There's Peter Spyk!

Swy. To tell me that? Why I know that!

Ger. No; to tell you—to tell you— How d'ye do, Peter? Are you very well?

Peter. Aye, aye.

Swy. Will you tell me what you mean to tell me?

Ger. Law, I'd almost forgotten—I'd run so fast! How well Peter looks this morning, don't he?

Swy. Do let Peter alone, and tell me who wants me, and what for. Is it the wine for breakfast?
 Ger. Yes; that's it. You've got the keys of the cellar, and the Baron wants some of the best moselle, to give to Captain Amersfort.

"French Air."

Ger. *"Well, but make more haste about it—"*

"Master wants to treat his guest."

Swy. *"Oh, I'll please him, never doubt it!"*

"Of his wine you know the best."

"He shall own that down his throttle,"

"Such has seldom found its way."

Ger. (Aside.) *"Then you'll get him up a bottle"*

"Of what you drink every day."

[Exit Swyzel, R.]

Ger. (Aside.) An old rogue, I'm sure he is; and he always snubs me and scolds me; so does everybody, indeed, except Peter. Peter never snubs me, at any rate; but that's because he hardly ever speaks to me. Now only look at him at this moment! There he stands, puffing away with his pipe, and turning up the whites of his eyes. Now, what can he be thinking about—that is, if he is thinking? Suppose it's about— (Aloud, and taking hold of his arm.) Peter!

Peter. Eh? Oh, you're here still, are you?

Ger. (Aside.) How civil! (Aloud.) Yes; I am here still, and if I had kept still, you'd never have known it, seemingly. What are you thinking about so deeply?

Peter. Thinking about! Why, I was thinking about Mother Wyuk's tavern, where I breakfasted this morning.

Ger. What an interesting subject!

Peter. Rather. The old vrow worried my life out with—"Why don't you get married, Farmer Spyk? Why do you live alone in that old house, like an owl in an ivy-bush? Why don't you take a wife? You've got money enough to keep one, and you are your own master. You've only to please yourself."

Ger. Well, and haven't I told you so over and over again?

Peter. Well, so you have, and I do think if I should get the Appeldoorn Farm, I'll sign a lease and a contraet the same day.

Ger. But if you don't get the farm, what does it signify? You might marry all the same for that. You've enough without. You needn't wait—that is, if you like anybody well enough to marry them.

Peter. Ah, but then I don't know that I do! Now, who is there, in your opinion, that would suit me.

Ger. Oh, I don't know! I dare say if I were to choose, I could name somebody.

Peter. Well, but let's see now. To begin with the neighbourhood. I know all the girls here, and I am sure I can't say— (Suddenly.) What d'ye think of Mary Moerdyke, to begin with?

Ger. Very bad to begin with, and much better to have done with as soon as possible. She is the worst-tempered girl in all Utrecht, and as tall as the tower yonder—a great, gawky, sulky thing, just like it.

Peter. Ah, well, I don't think she would suit me! But there's her cousin Judith; she's very good-natured.

Ger. Ah, Judith's a pretty girl, if you please, and very good-natured, as you say—perhaps a little too good-natured!

Peter. No; really—humph!—I shouldn't like that. What d'ye say to Anne Stein?

Ger. Everybody says she's a great coquette. See her on a Sunday, that's all, or at a dance at the fair. She's always changing her partner.

Peter. Oh, if she's always changing her partner— Well, they can't say that of little Barbara?

Ger. No; because she is lame, and can't dance at all.

Peter. That's very true. Poor thing, she's lame, so she is! Well, I declare, then, Vrow Wyuk herself?

Ger. Old enough to be your grandmother.

Peter. And Rachel, her daughter?

Ger. She's engaged to young Mauriee.

Peter. The devil! Then I must go farther a-field, for there's nobody else that I know of in this place?

Ger. Oh, dear—oh, dear, how blind he is, to be sure!

Peter. Ah, stop! What a fool I am never to have remembered—

Ger. Well, who—what?

Peter. Why, that to-morrow will be market-day here, and that there'll be plenty of pretty girls from all the villages round about, so I can choose without the trouble of a journey.

Dutch Air.

Peter. *To-morrow will be market-day,
 The streets all thronged with lasses gay,
 And from a crowd so great, no doubt,
 Sweethearts enough I may pick out.*

In verity, verity, &c.

Ger. *Be not too bold, for hearts fresh caught
 Are ne'er, I'm told, to market brought;
 The best, they say, are given away,
 Not left to sell on market-day.*

In verity, verity, &c.

Peter. Well, at any rate, I'll take my chance of to-morrow. But yonder's ma'amselle and some of the gentlefolks, so I'll go and hear what the steward has done for me. Good-bye, Gertrude! I say, mind, if you can find me a nice little good-tempered wife, I'll make you a present the day I'm married, and you shall dance at the wedding.

[Exit Peter, R., singing, "In verity, verity," &c.]

Ger. Now isn't it provoking? He can think of everybody but me; and unless I were to say to him, plump,—“Peter, will you marry me?”—and then if he should say,—“No!”—oh, I should die with shame and disappointment. Oh, dear—oh, dear, how vexations it is! And it's not only Peter, but nobody seems to think me worth marrying at all—nobody ever says a civil thing to me of any sort. I never had a sweetheart in my life, and I do believe that's the reason. If I only had one to begin with, I shouldn't wonder if they swarmed afterwards.

"A Temple to Friendship."

*I don't think I'm ugly. I'm only just twenty.
 I know I should make a most excellent wife.
 The girls all around me have lovers in plenty,
 But I not a sweetheart can get for my life.*

*It isn't because I'm not worth a penny,
 For lasses as poor I've known dozens to win.
 That I should have none and the others so many,
 I vow and declare it's a shame and a sin.*

(Retires up the stage, sobbing.)

Enter ERNESTINE and CAPTAIN AMERSFORT,
R. I. E.

Amer. Why, you proposed the ride yourself, Ernestine.

Ern. Perhaps I did; but I've changed my mind.

Amer. Will you walk then?

Ern. It's too hot.

Amer. By the side of the canal, under the trees?

Ern. By the side of the canal! I wonder you don't propose that I should tow the passage-boat!

Amer. I shouldn't wonder if you proposed something equally extravagant. For myself, I have done—I shall suggest nothing else. Please yourself, if possible, and you will please me.

Ern. Now he's out of humour.

Amer. No, not out of humour; but you are the most capricious creature—

Ern. Well, well, sir, if you are tired of your allegiance, renounce it at once. I have plenty of slaves at my footstool who will serve me with oriental obedience.

Amer. If they really loved you they would not encourage you in your follies.

Ern. My follies! How dare you talk to me of my follies, sir? Hold your tongue—hold your tongue, directly! There's Gertrude, and I want to speak to her. Gertrude! (Calling.)

Ger. Yes, ma'amselle.

(Drying her eyes, and advancing.)

Ern. What's the matter, Gertrude? You've been crying.

Ger. Yes, ma'amselle.

Ern. And what for? Has anyone vexed you? Some faithless swain, perhaps?

Ger. Oh, dear, no, ma'amselle; I wish it was; but that not possible. (Bursts out afresh.)

Ern. How d'ye mean—not possible, child?

Ger. Because I haven't got a swain of any sort.

Ern. Bless the girl! What, no sweetheart at your age?

Ger. No, ma'amselle.

Ern. Then, perhaps, that's what you are crying about?

Ger. Yes, ma'amselle.

Ern. Silly wench, you ought to rejoice at it rather; the men are nothing but plagues, Gertrude! Lovers, indeed! There's not one worth having!

Ger. I—I wish I had one though, just to try. I was just saying to myself it was a shame that some young women should have a score, and others none at all.

Amer. (R.) The girl is right enough, there. It is a shame that some young women should have a score, and hold out equal hopes to all.

Ern. The sooner you lessen the number of mine the better, then. I could manage to spare even the gallant Captain Amersfort, and— A capital thought! As you seemed so concerned at the unequal division, I'll transfer you to Gertrude.

Ger. Law, ma'amselle, you don't say so! Will you, really?

Amer. Ernestine, what folly!

Ern. I'm quite serious. As you have no admirer, Gertrude, and I have so many, I'll give you one of mine.

Ger. Oh, but I don't want you to give me one, ma'amselle! If you'll only lend me a beau, just to encourage the others—

Ern. Ha, ha, ha! Delightful! That's better still! You hear, sir, I am not to give you up

altogether, though you deserve it; I shall only try your obedience. We command you, therefore, on pain of our sovereign displeasure, to pay all proper attentions to our handmaid, Gertrude. You are her bean till further notice.

Amer. Ernestine, are you mad?

Ern. Mad or not, you will obey me, or take the consequences! I won't be charged with folly and extravagance for nothing! (Aside.) Remember, I have promised my father to decide this day in favour of somebody; if you hesitate only, you are excluded from all chance. (Crosses, R.) Gertrude, I lend you a bean, on your personal security, mind!

Ger. Oh, you needn't be afraid, ma'amselle! I'll take the greatest care of him, "and besides—

"Dutch Air.

Ger. "Think not I the heart would keep,

"I'm content to borrow!

"See if I don't have a heap

"To pay it from to-morrow.

"Money money makes they say,

"The job is to get any,

"And lovers grow like money may.

Ern. "Oh, yes; one fool makes many!"

Ern. (To Amersfort.) One step, and you lose me for ever!

[Exit Ernestine, R. I. E.]

Amer. (To himself.) This passes everything. I am a fool, indeed, and love her like a fool, or I would never bear—

Ger. Only think, I've got a beau at last—and such a beau—an officer—a fine, young, handsome officer! What'll Peter say to that?

Amer. And while I thus humour her caprices, she returns to the house to flirt with that puppy Amstell or that booby Blankenberg!

Ger. But he takes no more notice of me than Peter himself!

Amer. I will not endure it! I will follow her, and—

Ger. Stop—stop! You mustn't run away. You're only lent to me, you know; and if I should lose you, there'll be a pretty business!

(Taking his arm.)

Amer. (Laughing in despite of himself.) Upon my word, this is too ridiculous. So you really look upon me as a loan, do you?

Ger. Yes; and I don't choose to be left alone. My stars, Peter could do that!

Amer. Peter! Who's Peter? I thought you said you hadn't a sweetheart in the world?

Ger. Nor have I.

Amer. Come, come, no fibs! You've betrayed yourself. This said Peter, isn't he a sweetheart?

Ger. No, I don't think he is—at least, I don't know. What do you call a sweetheart—one whom you love, or one who loves you?

Amer. One who loves you, of course.

Ger. Well, then, I'm right—he is not my sweetheart; but I am his, for I love him dearly!

Amer. What a candid little soul! And so you really love Peter dearly, though Peter doesn't love you? But are you sure he doesn't love you?

Ger. I don't believe he ever thought about it.

Amer. Is it possible! Why you are very pretty! (Aside.) Upon my soul, she is uncommonly pretty! I wonder I never noticed her before. (Aloud.) And so Peter has never thought about you?

Ger. No.

"*Faut l'oublier.*" (Music published).

*I've no money; so, you see,
Peter never thinks of me—
I own it, to my sorrow.
Oh, could I grow rich, and he
Be reduced to poverty,
What sweet revenge 'twould be for me
To marry him to-morrow!*

*Peter's thought almost a fool—
You have profited by school—
Wit from you folks borrow!
Peter's plain—you handsome, gay;
But, if you were both to say
"Will you have me, Gertrude, pray?"
I'd marry him to-morrow!*

Amer. There's love—there's devotion! What charming frankness—what innocent enthusiasm! By Jove, if she wasn't so fond of another, I should be almost tempted—if it were only to punish Ernestine! I—I— (Aloud.) Confound that Peter! Almost a fool! He must be a downright idiot not to fall head over ears in love with such a sweet, dear, bewitching—

(Catches her round the waist, and is about to kiss her.)

PETER SPYK enters with SWYZEL, R. 2 E.

Swy. I beg your pardon, Captain.

(Both stop short, Peter staring at Gertrude.)

Ger. (Aside.) Oh, lud, there is Peter!

Amer. What the devil do you want?

Swy. Only to introduce Peter Spyk, an honest young farmer, who desires to be your honour's tenant.

Amer. Peter Spyk! What, is this the Peter?

Ger. Yes, that's Peter Spyk; and he wants to rent your farm of Appledoorn; and I am sure you can't do better than let him have it, for he's as good a farmer and as honest a young man—

Amer. If you interest yourself for him, my dear Gertrude, that is sufficient. Swyzel, come here. (Aside to him.) I am much interested about this girl—I've taken a great fancy to her!

Swy. What, to our Gertrude—to that poor, simple thing? Well, I thought just now you seemed rather—eh? You're a terrible man, Captain. What will ma'amselle say?

Amer. Oh, it's all in pure friendship, I assure you! But come this way, and tell me all you know about her. (Aloud to Peter.) I'll speak to you presently, young man.

[Amersfort and Swyzel enter the summer-house, R. U. E.]

Ger. Peter, you'll have the farm.

Peter. No; shall I, though? Well, I thought he said something like it; and because you asked him, too! I say, you and him seem great friends. He'd got his arm round your waist.

Ger. Had he? Oh, yes; I believe he had!

Peter. Well, now I've known you ever since you were that high, and I'm sure I never put my arm round your waist.

Ger. No, that you never did! But, then, he's my sweetheart!

Peter. Your sweetheart? Yours! What, the Captain? Pshaw, you're joking!

Ger. Joking! Indeed, I'm not joking! What is there so strange in it, pray?

Peter. Why, in the first place, he's ma'amselle's sweetheart.

Ger. Not now.

Peter. What, has he left her for you? Why, what can a rich officer like that see in a poor servant girl?

Ger. Don't be a brute, Peter! If you can't see anything to like in me, it's no reason that others should not.

Peter. Me! Oh, that's a different affair; because you and I, you know, there's not so much difference between, and— Oh, by-the-bye, talking of that, I've been thinking of what you said to me, and I won't wait any longer, not even till to-morrow, I've fixed upon Anne Stein. Her mother was here just now, on some business with old Swyzel, and something was dropped about my having the Appledoorn farm; and Swyzel says she gave him a hint that her daughter, Anne, was very fond of me, and that decided me at once.

Ger. It did?

Peter. Oh, yes; because, where a woman is really fond of one, you know— So directly I've settled with the Captain about the farm, I'll post off to Widow Stein's, and— Well, what's the matter with you, Gertrude? Why, you are crying!

Ger. Nothing, nothing! I wish you may be happy, that's all, Peter.

Peter. Thank ye—thank ye! It's very kind of you to cry for joy about me, I'm sure, and I won't forget my promise.

Enter AMERSFORT and SWYZEL from the summer-house.

Swy. You can't be in earnest, Captain?

Amer. I tell you there it is, in black and white! Put a wafer in that—(giving a note)—and send it immediately to my lawyer's, as directed.

Swy. (Aside.) Two thousand crowns to portion off a wench like that. 'Gad, she won't want a husband long!

[Exit Swyzel, L.]

Amer. (To Peter.) Now for you, farmer. I find there are writing materials in the summer-house, so we can—

Ger. Stop—stop! One word!

Amer. What is it?

Ger. (Leading him apart from Peter.) You are my bean, you know, and you're to do everything I bid you!

Amer. Of course.

Ger. Well, then, I bid you refuse the farm to Peter Spyk.

Amer. Refuse! Why I thought you said—

Ger. It doesn't signify what I said. I've changed my mind. I suppose I may do that as well as your fine ladies! You're to obey me! Ma'amselle Ernestine said so; and I don't choose you should let Peter have the farm.

(Speaking the last five words loud enough for Peter to hear.)

Peter. (Aside.) "Let Peter have the farm!" 'Gad, she's giving me a famous lift with the Captain!

Amer. Well, if you don't choose, he sha'n't have it, certainly; and I'm not sorry, for I don't think he deserves it. And now, listen to me. I mean to help you to a good husband, and, in return, you must assist me in a little plot. I can't stay to tell

you now; but meet me in half an hour's time at the sun-dial yonder. May I depend upon you?

Ger. That you may.

Amer. Enough! Now, Master Peter Spyk, follow me. There's no occasion for writing. We can settle this business in two words.

Peter. (Aside.) The farm's mine. (To Gertrude.) I owe you a good turn for this.

[Exit with Amersfort, R. U. E.]

Ger. Indeed you do. If Anne Stein marries him now, I'm mistaken in the family altogether.

Enter SWYZEL, L.

Swy. I've sent Delvo with the note; but I've made up my mind. I'm not a young man, certainly; and I had no idea of changing my situation, but two thousand crowns will suit me as well as anybody in the world, and so here goes—there's nothing like being first in the field. (Aloud.) Gertrude, Gertrude—come hither, Gertrude; I want to say a word to you in private!

Ger. To me, Master Steward? (Aside.) Oh, dear, now he's going to scold me for something, I'm sure! A cross old patch!

Swy. Come here, I tell you! Nearer—don't be afraid—I'm going to propose something for your good, my dear!

Ger. (Aside.) "My dear!" Bless me, how kind he's grown all of a sudden.

Swy. I've known you a long while, Gertrude—from your cradle, in fact. I knew your poor dear father and mother, and I always had a great affection for you.

Ger. You, Mynheer Swyzel? I'm sure you never showed it, then.

Swy. May be not—may be not! I was afraid of spoiling you, as a child; but now, you know, you are grown up, and very nicely you have grown up—I see it more and more every day—and in short, Gertrude, I've been thinking that, as I am a bachelor, I couldn't do better than marry a good pretty girl like you, whose character and temper I have watched the growth of from an infant.

Ger. You—you, Mynheer Swyzel, marry me?

Swy. Why not—why not, if you have no objection? I'm only fifty-five, and a hale, hearty man for that age. I have saved some money in service, and—

Ger. But I haven't a doit in the world!

Swy. Nay—nay, you are richer than you think for!

Ger. Eh?

Swy. In charms—in youth and beauty!

Ger. (Aside.) So, so! Here's a real, downright sweetheart at last; and old Swyzel, too, of all men in the world! I shall die of laughing!

Swy. (Aside.) She's silent—she hesitates! The two thousand crowns are mine!

"Dutch Air.

Swy. "My ears with sweet consentment bless!

Ger. (Aside.) "The moon must, surely, be about full!

(Aloud.) "I don't say no—I don't say yes.

Swy. "Alack, that's rather doubtful!

Ger. "What proof have I you mean me fair?

"Your sex is of deceit, throughout, full.

Swy. "Upon my honour, I declare!

Ger. "Alack, that's rather doubtful!"

Ger. (Aside.) Here's Peter a-coming back. If I could manage— (Aloud.) Besides, that isn't

the way to swear you love a body—you should go down on your knees.

Swy. Thero—there, then! Charming Gertrude, on my knees, I swear eternal love and constancy!

Enter PETER, R. U. E.

Peter. Halloo! Why, Mynheer Swyzel, what are you doing there?

Swy. (Scrambling up.) Confusion! (Aloud.) I—nothing—only kneeling to— (Aside to Gertrude.) Don't say anything to that fool. Come to my room as soon as you've got rid of him!

[Exit Swyzel, L.]

Ger. You here again, Peter?

Peter. Here again! I believe I am, too; and just as I went away. Would you believe it? Captain Amersfort won't let me the farm, after all!

Ger. Dear me, you don't say so?

Peter. He wouldn't hear a word; and, to make matters worse, old Widow Stein, who saw me talking to him, waited to hear the upshot; and, when I told her, she as good as gave me to understand that I wasn't match enough for her daughter, and that Anne herself liked Groot, the miller, much better than she did me. A coquette! You said she was a coquette, and you were quite right. I don't know how it is, but you're always right. You've got more sense than all of 'em put together; and, for the matter of looks, why there's the Captain vows— And, talking of vowing, what was old Swyzel about on his knees? I do believe he was vowing, too!

Ger. Between you and me, he was vowing all sorts of love to me, and he wants me to marry him!

Peter. Marry him—marry old Swyzel! And will you?

Ger. I don't know. What do you think? Would you like me to marry him, Peter?

Peter. Not at all. I don't know how it is, but I can't fancy your marrying anybody—that is, I never thought of your marrying anybody; and, now I do think of it, I think—

Ger. Well, what?

Enter DELVE, with a note, L.

Del. Oh, Gertrude, here you are! Here's a note for you! It's very particular. They gave me a florin to run all the way!

Ger. A note for me? Who is it from?

Del. The clerk at Van Nickem's, the lawyer. I took a letter thero for the Captain, and, as his master wasn't at home, the clerk opened it, and wrote this answer to the Captain, and then scribbled that for you, and begged me to give you yours first, and so I have. And now I must find the Captain.

[Exit Delve, R.]

Ger. A note for me? Nobody ever wrote to me before, and if they had, it would have been no use, for I can't read written hand. You can, Peter; so pray open it, and let's hear what it's all about.

Peter. (Opening and reading.) "Ma'amselle, Ma'amzelle to you!

Ger. Go on—go on!

Peter. "I have loved you above all earthly beings!"

Ger. Bless us and save us!

Peter. "I dared not disclose my passion; but, believe me, my affection was equal to my silence."

Ger. Then it was great indeed!

Peter. "I have at length summoned courage to

address you, and if the offer of my hand and fortune—" Another proposal! Who is the fellow that writes this?

Ger. Van Niekem's clerk, Delve told you.

Peter. Yes; here's his ugly name, sure enough, at the bottom of it—Simon Sneek!

Ger. Ah, if I recollect, he's rather a good-looking young man!

Peter. Why, you don't mean to—

Ger. Surely he's better than old Swyzel?

Peter. Well, but what does it all mean? Everybody wants to marry you.

Ger. I can't help that, can I? But I sha'n't be in a hurry; I shall do as you do—look about me. Perhaps somebody may offer that I should like better. (*Clock strikes.*) Hark! That's two o'clock, and I promised to meet the Captain at the sun-dial yonder. Good-bye, Peter, and mind, if you can find me a husband that I should like better than any of these, I'll make you a present the day I'm married, and you shall dance at the wedding!

[*Goes out singing—"In verity," &c., in imitation of Peter's manner at his exit, R. 1 E.*]

Peter. (*Stands staring after her, with the note open in his hand.*) Well, when she talks of Anne Stein always changing her partner—She's off to meet the Captain, now, and yet she says to me—"If you can find me a husband I should like better—" The idea of Gertrude having a husband—a little girl, that was only a baby the other day, as it seems to me. I wonder if she'd like me better; because if she would—I want a wife myself, and I don't know why I didn't at first. But there goes that cursed Captain, running like mad to meet her! 'Gad, I begin to feel that I don't like it all! Why can't he keep to his fine ladies, and let the others alone? I don't go and make love to Ma'amselle Ernestine, do I? What business has he to talk a pack of stuff to Gertrude, and turn the poor girl's head? He'd better mind what he's about, though, I can tell him that. If he makes her unhappy, I wouldn't be in his shoes for something, for I should break every bone in my own skin!

Enter DELVE, R.

Del. What's the matter, Master Peter? You don't look best pleased.

Peter. Well, I have been pleased better.

Del. Anything in that note?

Peter. This note—no! This is the note you brought from Van Niekem's. There's that young rogne, Sneek, wants to marry Gertrude.

Del. To marry Gertrude! Well, now, do you know I think he might do worse.

Peter. Might do worse! I believe he might, too!

Del. Gertrude's by no means ill-looking.

Peter. Ill-looking! She's very pretty.

Del. Well—yes; I think she is, and very good-tempered.

Peter. The best humoured soul in the world.

Del. Do you know, Master Peter, if I thought there was any chance of our living comfortably together, I shouldn't mind making up to Gertrude myself,

Peter. You? You be hanged!

Del. Hanged! What for, I should like to know? I question now if I couldn't afford to marry as well

as young Sneek. He doesn't get much out of Niekem's pocket, I'll swear!

Peter. Well, you needn't trouble your head about it, because you sha'n't have her!

Del. Why, Farmer Spyk, what have you to do with it? Suppose I choose and she chooses, you're neither her father nor her mother. If you put my blood up, I'll go and ask her at once!

Peter. And if you do, you'll put my blood up, and then I shall knock you down.

Del. Knock me down! Donner and blitzen!

Peter. Don't provoke me! I'm getting desperate! I mean to marry Gertrude myself, if she'll have me; and I'll fight anybody for her, with fists, knives, pistols—anything!

Enter ERNESTINE, R.

Ern. Heyday, heyday! What is all this noise about, and threat of fighting?

Del. It's Farmer Spyk, here, and please you, ma'amselle, he threatens to knock me down if I go a-courting to Gertrude; and all in an honest way, too.

Ern. To Gertrude! Why, how long have you taken this fancy into your head?

Peter. Why, not five minutes, ma'amselle; and he has the impudence to set himself up against me, who have been in love with her—more than half an hour!

Ern. And where is the fair object of your contention? What does she say to these sudden passions?

Peter. I'm waiting to know what she'll say to mine; but she's a plaguy long time with the Captain. He's the only rival I'm afraid of. She seems deuced fond of him, and he raves about her!

Ern. (*Alarmed.*) He does! (*Recovering herself.*) But, of course, I desired him.

Peter. You desired him, ma'amselle?

Ern. Yes; I commanded him to make love to her!

Peter. Well, he won't be broke for disobedience, then, that's all I can say, for he does make love to her most furiously! I caught him myself with his arm round her waist this morning, and I dare say it's round it now, if the truth was known; but I can't see for that beastly hollybush.

[*Delve steals out behind, R.*]

Ern. Why, where are they, then?

Peter. She was to meet him at the sun-dial, and I saw him slinking through the trees yonder; and just now I'm almost certain I caught a glimpse of them at the end of that walk.

Ern. (*Aside.*) I don't like this account. I'm afraid I've acted very sillily. I repented of the freak almost as soon as I left them; but my pride would not suffer me to return. The girl's pretty—very pretty, and if Amersfort, enraged at my indifference, should, out of mere spite—such things have happened. Oh, dear, I do not like it at all!

Peter. There she goes—there she goes!

Ern. With the Captain?

Peter. No; by herself. And there's Delve after her as hard as he can scamper! I'll follow—I'll—No; I can't—I can't move! I—I feel very ill—my head spins round like a top! Here comes the Captain!

Ern. Amersfort! I am ready to sink—

Peter. Don't—don't, ma'amselle, for I've no strength to catch you!

Enter AMERSFORT, R. U. E.

Amer. (Aside.) She is here! Now for the trial!
(Aloud.) Mademoiselle Ernestine, I came to seek you.

Ern. Indeed, sir; and for what purpose? I thought I had desired you to pay your attentions in another quarter for the present.

Amer. It is in perfect accordance with that desire that I have sought this interview. I am anxious to express my gratitude for the blessing which you have so unexpectedly bestowed upon me.

Ern. What do you mean, sir?

Amer. I mean, Mademoiselle Rosendaal, that the heart you treated with so much indifference has been accepted by one of the most lovely and amiable of your sex; and that, in the affection of Gertrude, it has found a balm for all the wounds you had so wantonly inflicted on it!

Peter. There—there, I told you so!

Ern. Upon my word, sir! And you have the assurance to make this confession to me?

Amer. Why not, mademoiselle? We are not masters of our affections, and, therefore, I will not reproach you; but can you be surprised that I should be weary of loving one who did not love me; or that, stung to the quick by your contempt, I should be more sensible to the kindness and sympathy of another? Gertrude is lovely!

Peter. (L.) She is—she is!

Amer. The sweetest-tempered—the most frank and affectionate of beings!

Peter. Too true—too true!

Amer. The possession of her heart is a blessing monarchs might envy me!

Peter. I shall go mad!

Amer. And monarchs have matched with maidens as lowly born, and far less deserving.

Ern. (c.) Enough—enough, sir!

Peter. No; it's not enough! He can't say too much about her! She hasn't her equal upon earth!

Amer. You are right, farmer; and I thank you for the honest warmth with which you justify my choice.
(Crosses and offers his hand.)

Peter. Your choice! Don't touch me!

Amer. My sweet bride—my affianced wife—Madame Amersfort shall thank you in person.

Peter. His wife! Madame Amersfort! Cruel, faithless Gertrude!

Amer. Faithless! Why, did you ever propose to her?

Peter. No; but I meant to do so! Oh, dear!

Ern. Your wife—your wife? And you really intend to marry this orphan girl?

Amer. I have desired my lawyer to prepare her marriage contract, which shall be signed this evening.

Peter. Oh!

Ern. Not in this house, sir! I will not be insulted to that extent! I go this moment to inform my father.

Amer. The Baron van Rosendaal is already informed, and approves of my intentions!

Ern. Approves! We shall see, sir—we shall see!

Air.—'The Challenge.'

Ern. "Such perfidy was never known;
"I joy in its unmasking."

Peter. "Oh, Gertrude, you've a heart of stone,
"To break a heart so true!

Amer. "Why, had she promised you?

Peter. "No; there her falsehood's shown.

"So bent was she on jilting me,

"She could not wait for asking.

Amer. "Well, there with you I must agree.

"Such falsehood ne'er was known.

Ern. "'Tis well—'tis well, sir, we shall see,

"Such falsehood ne'er was known."

[Exit Ernestine, R.]

Amer. (Aside.) Yes, yes, my fair tyrant, your father is in the plot! I think we have you now!
(Aloud.) Well, my good friend, I must say I pity you extremely. You have lost a model of a wife.

Peter. Don't—don't!

Amer. But where is she? Where is my adored Gertrude?

Enter GERTRUDE, R. 3 E., dressed as a bride.

Amer. (Makes signs to her not to speak, and points at Peter, who stands in an attitude of comic despair, with his back towards them.) I must hasten to find her. I cannot bear to be an instant from her sight. Oh, Peter—Peter, what a treasure has escaped you!

[Exit Amersfort, R. 1 E., exchanging signs with Gertrude.]

Peter. (Soliloquizing.) Escaped me, as if I was a mad dog—and it was an escape for Gertrude! An escape—and I have let her escape! Well, well, she won't be Madame Swyzel nor Madame Sneeck; and that rascal Delve hasn't got her, that's one comfort. Comfort! I talk of comfort! I shall never know comfort again! Oh, Gertrude—Gertrude!

Ger. (Advancing.) Did you call me, Peter?

Peter. Hah, what do I see? There's a dress—a wedding-dress. It is—it is!

Ger. It is—it is a very beautiful dress, as you say, and I don't wonder you start to see me in such a dress; but, as the bride of the Captain, you know—

Peter. It is true, then, you are going—going to marry Captain Amersfort?

Ger. Ah, he has told you then? Well, I was in hopes of giving you an agreeable surprise.

Peter. An agreeable surprise!

Ger. Why, are you not delighted, Peter, at my good fortune?

Peter. Delighted!

Ger. Only think, a poor orphan girl like me, whom nobody loved, and nobody cared about—

Peter. It isn't true. I cared about you—I loved you—doated on you.

Ger. You, Peter—you! Mercy on me! And why didn't you tell me so, then?

Peter. Because I didn't know it myself then; but I do now, Gertrude—I do now!

Ger. Now—now that it is too late!

Peter. But is it—is it too late? You are not married yet?

Ger. No; but I have promised. The contract is ordered, and this beautiful dress was bought by the Captain on purpose. You would not have me behave so shamefully to one who loves me so dearly?

Peter. But I—I love you dearly!

Ger. Ah, if you had but said so an hour ago! But you thought of everybody but me!

Peter. I know it—I know it! But then nobody thought of you, and now everybody does, and it

proves to me that you—you are the only girl in the world that I ought to marry; and if you won't have me, I—I know what I'll do.

Ger. Dear me, Peter, what?

Peter. I'll fling myself into the canal!

Ger. Nonsense!

Peter. You see if I don't, then. I'm not desperate till I take anything in my head; but then nothing can turn me.

"Air.—'Take care of the corner.'

Peter. "I rush to my fate,

"And my funeral straight.

"Way shall follow my latest transgression!

"And in the churchyard

"It shall go very hard,

"But it meets with your bridal procession!

"When my coffin appears,

"You will melt into tears,

"And your friends in your grief will be sharers.

Ger. "Oh, yes, not only I,

"But my husband will cry—

"Stand out of the way,' to the bearers.

Peter. "Laughed at!" I'll jump over the wall, here, into the canal, before your face!

Ger. Indeed you sha'n't! Peter, don't be a fool! (Trying to hold him.) Oh, dear, he will! Murder—help!

Enter ERNESTINE, R.

Ern. What's the matter now?

Ger. Oh, ma'amselle, help me to hold Peter! He wants to drown himself!

Ern. He is sillier than ever I supposed him, if he would drown himself for so worthless a person! I wonder you are not ashamed to look me in the face!

Ger. I'm very sorry, ma'amselle. I know you only lent me a lover; but how can I give him you back if he won't go?

Ern. Cease your impertinence! Your simplicity is all affected!

Ger. I'm sure, ma'amselle, if the Captain will only consent, I'll give him up with pleasure.

Peter. You will?

Ern. You will? Harkye, Gertrude! Don't think that I care the least about Captain Amersfort; his behaviour has entirely destroyed any little affection I might have had for him; but, only to vex him in my turn, if you will promise not to marry him—

Peter. Do, do!

Ern. I will settle a handsome income on you!

Peter. There, there!

Ern. Tell him you do not love him?

Peter. Yes, yes!

Ern. That you love another—anybody!

Peter. Yes, me; I'm ready to be loved.

Ger. (Aside.) I see him! Now's the time! (Aloud.) Well, ma'amselle, I believe it would be only the truth. I have a great respect for Captain Amersfort, but I certainly do not love him; and perhaps I do love somebody else!

(Looking at Peter.)

Peter. Oh, Gertrude!

Enter AMERSFORT, unseen by them, R. U. E.

Ger. But how can I consent to make him wretched? If there was any chance of your making it up—if I thought you still loved the Captain, and would make him happy in the avowal!

Ern. Would that decide you?

Peter. Oh, do then—do! (To Ernestine.)

Ern. What would you have me say?

Ger. That you forgive him, and are willing to marry him, if I give him up!

Ern. Well, then, I am willing!

Amer. (Advances, R., and takes her hand.) And so am I.

Ger. (L. C.) And so am I.

Peter. (L.) Hurrah!

Ern. (R. C.) Captain Amersfort here! This was a plot, then.

Amer. Own that it was to secure your happiness, Ernestine, and you make mine for ever!

Ern. Well, I believe I deserved this lesson.

Peter. And I'm sure I did!

Ger. You've made your mind up, then, that I shall marry you now!

Peter. To be sure I have!

Ger. Well, as you say when you once do take a thing in your head nothing can turn you, I suppose it's useless to say "No." There is my hand, dear Peter.

Amer. And I suppose I may let him the farm, now?

Ger. If you please, Captain.

Amer. And give him the two thousand crowns that I desired Van Nickem to settle on you as a wedding portion?

Peter. Ah, then that's why young Sneek— But no matter.

"Finale.—Trio from 'The Challenge.'

"She } is mine! She } is mine! Let the stars
"He } work their will.

"If our patrons approve, nothing now can go ill.

"But the lover we lend must with them make his way,

"Or our dealings will end with the devil to pay.

Ern. "Should they not befriend us?

Ger. "I will hope for the best,

"If one kind friend will lend us

"His hands to move the rest.

"Will you ask?

Peter. "No; do you!

Ger. (To audience.)

"Do you like it?

Peter. "Say you do.

All. "Oh, happy hour—oh, joyous night,

"Our patrons share in our delight."

She } is mine! She } is mine! Let the stars work
He } their will.

Since our friends have approved, nothing now can go ill.

The lover we lent has with them made his way,
And their smiles of content all our toils overpay.

CURTAIN.

Disposition of the Characters at the Fall of the Curtain.

AMERSFORT.

ERNESTINE.

GERTRUDE.

PETER.

R.

L.

S O M E B O D Y E L S E.

A VAUDEVILLE, IN ONE ACT.

BY J. R. PLANCHÉ.

First Performed at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, December 4th, 1844.



Dramatis Personæ.

[See page 15.]

ERNEST WALDBURG	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Mr. Howe.
HANS MORITZ	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Mr. Charles Mathews.
HERR FLITTERMAN	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Mr. Brindal.
LOUISE WALDBURG	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Miss Lee.
MINNIE	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Madame Vestris.

SCENE.—A Wheelwright's Shop on the Borders of the Black Forest.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION.—One Hour and Twenty Minutes.

COSTUME.

MORITZ.—Long plain frock coat without collar; breeches; handsome German braces over shirt; broad-brimmed hat.

ERNEST.—Modern travelling suit.

FLITTERMAN.—Gentleman's suit, a little outré.

LOUISE.—Neat white dress.

MINNIE.—Characteristic costume of a young German peasant.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*; L. U. E. *Left Upper Entrance*; R. U. E. *Right Upper Entrance*; L. S. E. *Left Second Entrance*; P. S. *Prompt Side*; O. P. *Opposite Prompt*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R.

RC.

C.

LC.

L.

. The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

SOMEBODY ELSE.

SCENE.—A Wheelwright's Shop, in a German Village. Tools, a bench, spokes, tires, wood, &c., lying about.

LOUISE discovered drawing at table, R. C. Enter FLITTERMAN, C. from L., cautiously, and unseen by Louise.

Flit. (Aside.) Thanks to my lucky stars, I have at last caught one of them alone. Now to solve the mystery. (Advancing.)

Louise. (Perceiving him, and rising hastily.) Ah, again this stranger! (Aside.)

Flit. Your pardon, ma'amselle! Don't be alarmed, I beg! I am not in the habit of frightening the fair sex, and certainly should not select for that purpose one of the fairest.

Louise. You wish to speak with Moritz, I suppose, sir? He is out at present, and therefore if you will be so good as—

Flit. (Going to seat himself.) You are very kind.

Louise. To call again in half-an-hour or so.

Flit. Oh, don't mention it; I can wait! Let me beg you won't disturb yourself. Pray continue to— (Approaching and looking over her drawing.) Bless me, why I declare here are the eyes, nose, and mouth of some happy individual! You are an artist, ma'amselle.

Louise. Indeed, I have no pretension, sir. I but draw a little, and very badly.

Flit. Not at all—not at all; on the contrary permit me—I am a connoisseur, and I pronounce— (Aside.) Oh, there can be no doubt! An educated girl, in a country wheelwright's shop! It must be she, unless the other draws as well, in which case, certainly—

Louise. (Aside.) What an intrusive, tiresome person! (Aloud.) Sir, I must request—

Flit. Any request of yours must be a command to me. I say that because I have a reason for it; besides, we are becoming old acquaintances. I have been in this village three days, thanks to the wheel of my cabriolet, which broke just as I arrived here, and again yesterday, notwithstanding the skill of our friend Moritz, who flattered himself he had mended it capitally.

Louise. And so he had, sir. He says someone must have broken it on purpose the second time.

Flit. (Aside.) He's quite right. I did it myself. (Aloud.) Well, so much the better for him, as he'll be paid twice, and so much the better for me, for it has afforded me the pleasure of looking in here very often, and at last of finding you alone.

Louise. Sir!

Flit. Don't be alarmed. I say at last, because it is a remarkable fact that, till this morning, I

never saw you except in company with another young female, who appeared to be equally at home here, and I am anxious to ascertain which of you is named Louise.

Louise. Sir, I am at a loss to comprehend—

Flit. Of course you are. But you are Louise—I am sure you are—you don't deny it. I would have wagered anything I was right, and this young Moritz, with whom you reside, is no relation, I believe?

Louise. What can that signify to you, sir?

Flit. Much—much, I can assure you. I have a reason for asking the question, and—

(Hans sings without.)

Louise. Then here comes one who will answer you.

Flit. Moritz! No, no; it doesn't signify. Not a word to him on the subject.

Enter HANS, C. from L.

Hans. (Singing.) “Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la— (Stops short on seeing Flitterman.) Hollo! He here again? Why, confound him, I've only to go out for five minutes to be sure of finding him about the doors when I come back!

Louise. (R.) Moritz, I'm glad you've returned. This gentleman wishes to know—

Flit. What I am indebted to you, my good friend. I came expressly—

(Making signs to Louise.)

Hans. (C., aside.) I'll be hanged if he isn't making signs to her!

Flit. You've made a capital job of it this time, and if you'll let me know what I have to pay—

Hans. Nothing.

Flit. (L.) Nothing!

Hans. You paid me once—that's enough. The wheel broke again in the same place, and it might be my fault, though I don't believe it. No matter. I can't prove to the contrary, and so I must suffer.

Flit. Oh, but I can't suffer—

Hans. But you must. Nobody shall ever say they paid Hans Moritz twice for the same job. But I'm very sorry for the second breakage, whatever caused it, because—but for that you'd have been a long way off by this morning, so I think you had better be jogging, and make up for lost time.

Flit. You're very kind, but I've no particular business—

Hans. But I have; so you'll excuse me if I wish you a pleasant journey.

(Goes up, R., and takes off his hat and coat.)

Flit. Oh, certainly! I wouldn't intrude for the

world! Good morning, friend! Ma'amselle, I wish you all felicity—(aside to her)—till we meet again.

[Exit Flitterman, C. and L.]

Hans. (R.) Eh, what did he say? He whispered something to you.

Louise. Never mind, Moritz, it was some nonsense, I scarcely heard what.

Hans. Oh, but I did! Something about "meet again." I'd advise him to let me catch him "meeting you again"—that is, without you wished it yourself.

Louise. Me! You can't suppose, Moritz—

Hans. No, of course I don't; but what had he been talking about before I came?

Louise. Oh, asking me a parcel of impertinent questions—what was my name, were you a relation, and pretending to have some particular object?

Hans. I'll make a particular object of him, if he pokes his impudent nose in here again, I promise him. Confound the puppy! He's put me out of temper, when I was in the very best in the world.

Louise. Aye; so you seemed, for you came in singing and looking so pleased.

Hans. Well, and in spite of him, I'll look pleased again; and sing—and dance—and— Eh? Gad, I don't know what I won't do.

Louise. Why, my dear Moritz, what has come to you?

Hans. What has come to me? Why, a letter!

Louise. A letter! From whom?

Hans. Guess.

Louise. No; I can't guess. I hate guessing, you know I do, and you do it to tease me.

Hans. To tease you! I do anything to tease you! Oh, Ma'amselle Louise, when did I ever—

Louise. Then tell me who the letter is from, for I'm dying to know.

Hans. Why, I thought, of course, you'd say from Ernest at once.

Louise. From my brother? Oh, Moritz, where does he write from?

Hans. From Hamburg. He's returned—landed from America ten days ago.

Louise. Oh, my dear brother! Returned! We shall see him—

Hans. This very day. He was to reach Strasbourg last night, and may therefore be here in an hour.

Louise. Oh, I shall go wild with joy! My dear, dear brother! How I long to see what he is like, for I have scarcely any recollection of him. He's been away twelve years, and I was quite a little girl when he left.

Hans. Yes; just turned seven. I think I see you now, as he led you by the hand to me, twelve years ago, and said, "My dear Moritz, business calls me to New York. I may be away for twelve months, perhaps longer. I cannot take this child with me, and I don't like leaving her to the care of strangers. Do you think your mother would be troubled with her for so long a time?" "Troubled! She'll be delighted," said I. "Little Louise has been always a great favourite with her; and as you and I have lived like brothers from childhood, I look upon your sister as my own, and, take my word, she shall be treated as such."

Louise. Dear Moritz! And you have kept your word nobly, for little did any of us then think that instead of twelve months he would be absent as many years; that your poor mother would die,

and that I should be left a burthen upon your hands.

Hans. A burthen! No; you never were that, Ma'amselle Louise, but a great anxiety to me, I acknowledge; for, somehow, it was very awkward you see, when you came to be fifteen, sixteen, seventeen—a fine young woman, in short—and I, a single man, not so many years older than yourself. I might have fallen in love with you, you know—it wasn't at all impossible—and there'd been a pretty business; but you'll do me justice, Ma'amselle Louise, you'll bear witness for me to your brother that I never presumed to dream of such a thing; that I have treated you as I promised him, exactly as a sister; and that, sooner than I would have entertained any other kind of affection for you, I'd have— My stars, I don't know what I wouldn't have done!

Louise. Well, well, Moritz, nobody accuses you of it.

Hans. Perhaps not; but they might, and I say again such a misfortune might have occurred to me; and when I see you, almost daily, getting prettier and prettier, and found from your brother's letters there was no chance of his coming back for some very long time, I began to think very seriously on the matter, and one day I said to myself, "Moritz, my fine fellow, this is all very well, You're an honest man I admit, and you would sooner die than break your word with anybody, but human nature is human nature, and, to put it out of your power to fall in love with Ma'amselle Louise, the right thing to do is to fall in love with somebody else. Look out for a good wife directly, Moritz. Marry, my boy—marry," says I to myself, and very sensible advice I'm convinced it was, too. So I just looked round and—pop!—and there was my cousin Minnie—an orphan like myself—who has no money, no friends, and therefore looks to me for everything, and a fine young woman—a very fine young woman! Faith, I made short work of it! The whole matter was settled in five minutes, and next week or the week after Minnie will be Madame Moritz.

Enter MINNIE, C. from R.

Minnie. Will she? Then you must pay a little more attention to her than you do at present. Do you know that this is the first time I've set my eyes on you to-day, sir?

Hans. I went out very early, and I've been very busy ever since.

Minnie. (C.) Oh, very busy—chattering to Louise!

Hans. Well, it was most particular business, wasn't it, Louise, that we were talking about? Ernest is coming home—will be here to-day.

Minnie. Your brother, Louise! Oh, dear, how glad I am! I'm quite curious to see him. I've heard Moritz and you talk so much about him.

Hans. Curious! Yes; I've no doubt. You are always curious.

Minnie. Hold your tongue, Moritz, I'm talking to Louise. Won't your brother be delighted, too, to see his sister grown up such a sweet, pretty young woman, and to find she's been taught to read and write, and paint pictures, and sing and play on the guitar, and all manner of fine things, fit for a lady, without its costing him a brass button.

Hans. Hold your tongue, Minnie! What business is that of yours?

Louise. Pray let her alone, Moritz! I like to hear of the obligations I am under to you.

Minnie. To be sure. What a fool the man is! Isn't it a feather in his cap to have done all this for one who was no relation to him? If it had been me, it wouldn't have been worth mentioning; but I say it again and again, it was a very handsome thing to do, and I know you're grateful to him for it, Louise—because you're a good-hearted girl—and so ought your brother to be.

Louise. And so he will be.

Hans. Minnie, if you don't hold your tongue, we shall quarrel in downright earnest, and so I tell you now; and unless you promise me faithfully not to open your lips on this subject, you sha'n't see Ernest when he comes.

Minnie. Sha'n't I! I should like to see who'll hinder me. Not you, Mr. Crosspatch, I know! Indeed I will see him, and have fine fun with him too, if he likes fun. I love it. Do you know, Louise, I half suspect that Moritz is jealous?

Hans. Jealous!

Minnie. Yes, jealous! There was only yesterday, when that stranger came about his broken wheel, Moritz was in a downright fever, forsooth, because the man kept looking at me whilst he talked to him, though I purposely kept my back to the fellow, and chattered to you all the time. Oh, I'd advise you to be jealous, my friend! I'll lead you such a life.

Hans. I've no doubt of it.

Minnie. And to begin, I'll go directly and put on my new apron, that I will, and make myself as gay as I can, on purpose to meet Ernest, and I'll laugh with him and dance with him as much as I please.

Hans. Oh, with all my heart! I give you free leave. You are quite mistaken if you think that will fret me.

Minnie. Oh, but it will—it will! You see if it doesn't, Louise. Ha, ha, ha! Ugh! (Making faces at him.) Grumps!

[Exit Minnie, C. and R.]

Hans. A wild, mischievous, provoking—But you don't mind her, Louise?

Louise. Oh, dear no! I'm very fond of Minnie—a good-tempered merry girl, always happy, always laughing. I sometimes envy her good spirits, that's all.

Hans. She'll lose a good deal of them when she's married, She won't laugh half as much when she's my wife, I dare say, and that'll be soon now—as soon as possible—perhaps to-morrow.

Louise. To-morrow?

Hans. Why not? The sooner the better. If your brother comes to-day he shall be bridesman—that is, if he's not too proud, now he has made his fortune.

Louise. Made his fortune?

Hans. Eh, so, so! I don't know that I should have told you that, perhaps I ought to have left it to him; but there, you know it now, and so it can't be helped. Yes; he's made a good lump of money, he says. His uncle, who sent for him out, died, as you know, just after he got there; and when they came to wind up his affairs, Ernest found the balance was all the wrong way, and instead of coming in for something handsome, there he was, poor fellow, left without a dollar to bring him home again. Well, what does he do? Instead of sitting down in the dumps, or hanging himself, as some fools would have done, he goes to work like a man, and after twelve years' hard struggle, comes

back to enjoy his honestly-earned fortune in his native land, beside his dear sister and his old friend, Hans Moritz. There, you may read his letter, in which he tells me all the particulars, and—(Taking out a letter and, opening it, sees an enclosure.) Why, was there ever such a blockhead? I declare I quite forgot there was one for yourself enclosed in mine. I daresay you'll find the same story there.

Louise. Oh, give it me—give me both of them; but I'll read my own first! (Opens it hastily.) “My darling sister—” My dear—dear Ernest!

(Kissing the letter.)

Hans. That giddy Minnie puts everything out of my head with her nonsense! I shall be considerably angry if she talks such stuff to Ernest.

Louise. (Who has been reading her letter.) Oh, heavens!

Hans. What's the matter, Louise, for mercy's sake?

Louise. Nothing—nothing, indeed, of consequence.

Hans. Oh, but I'm sure there is, because you look quite ill, and you're all in a tremble!

Enter MINNIE, hastily, from R. C. Louise goes off hurriedly, R.

Minnie. (C.) Here I am again, new apron and all—

Hans. Burn your new apron! What d'ye come worrying here for?

Minnie. To see Meinherr Ernest, of course. Is he come?

Hans. (R. C.) No!

Minnie. Oh, what a pig you are this morning, Hans! You seem bent upon quarrelling with me.

Hans. No, nonsense; I don't want to quarrel with anybody.

Minnie. Well, then, come here and smile directly.

Hans. Poo—poo!

Minnie. Smile! I insist upon it!

Hans. Well, there then.

Minnie. Humph! You call that a smile, do you? I mean to make you smile better than that. Harkye, I've got such a capital idea. We'll have such a joke with Ernest. I mean to play him a trick.

Hans. A trick! I won't have any tricks played him, now mind that, Minnie, and it's your duty to obey me.

Minnie. Not yet—I'm not your wife yet, you know, and you don't seem in a great hurry to make me so.

Hans. What d'ye mean, Minnie? Isn't it all settled that we are to be married?

Minnie. Are to be married! Yes, forsooth, and so it has been these eighteen months, if you call that settling. I'll be hanged if I don't begin to think you are making a fool of me, Hans.

Hans. Minnie, you shouldn't say that, you have no right to say it. I am an honest man, Minnie, and would scorn so base an action.

Minnie. Well, there, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings; but really you are so altered lately—you used to be so civil and attentive, and call me “dear cousin Minnie,” and laugh at my pranks; and when you one day, all of a sudden, asked me if I would have you for a husband—though I had never thought of such a thing before—I said “yes” directly, not to keep you waiting, as you seemed in a hurry at the time, and I made sure we

should have been married next morning at furthest! But, Lord ha' mercy, here we are still, just in the same position.

Hans. Well, it's not my fault.

Minnie. Then whose is it? I'm sure it's not mine.

Hans. I don't say it is, but circumstances, and accidents, and one thing and the other— But now Ernest is coming home, and we'll fix the day directly.

Minnie. Directly?

Hans. We will indeed, Minnie; and look, to prove to you that I am serious, here is a ring I bought last week. (*Produces one.*)

Minnie. A ring! Oh, let me see it! A true lover's knot, I declare. Well, that does look like something! And why didn't you show it me before?

Hans. Because—because the jeweller has not put your name in it.

Minnie. (*Examining it.*) There is some name.

Hans. Yes, mine; give it me back, and I'll have the other added.

Minnie. No, no; you'll forget it. I'll take it to him myself, and make him do it directly.

Hans. Just as you like. (*Calling.*) Louise! I'm going to walk along the high road to see if I can meet Ernest; do you girls get something ready for him to eat when he arrives—travellers are always hungry.

Minnie. Aye, aye, go along; Louise and I will manage, I warrant you.

(*Pushes him out, c. and L.*)

LOUISE re-enters, *E. D.*, and thoughtfully advances.

Louise. I am here, Moritz.

Minnie. He's gone to meet your brother, and I am glad to get rid of him—he's a downright bear to-day.

Louise. But he loves you sincerely, notwithstanding.

Minnie. Humph! I don't know. He says so. Perhaps he does; but he has a very odd way of showing it lately.

Louise. And you love him, Minnie?

Minnie. Oh, well enough, if he behaves himself; but, if not, I won't answer for it that I mayn't love somebody else better! So let him take care. I shall give him fair warning. I can't think what's come to the man. And you, too, you seem so melancholy; one would think you were not best pleased at your brother's return.

Louise. Oh, Minnie, how can you say so? On the contrary, I—

Minnie. Well, it would certainly be very odd if you were not. A nice handsome brother from abroad, who will bring you some presents, no doubt. You must find something to give him in return, musn't you? Oh, to be sure, there's your picture that you were going to send him!

Louise. Yes; I must hasten the jeweller who has got it to frame.

Minnie. I'm going to him about this ring that Moritz has given me, and I'll tell him you must have the picture home to-day.

Louise. A ring that Moritz has given you?

Minnie. Yes; with a true lover's knot; and it's to have our names engraved inside. What is the matter with you, Louise? Are you ill, or has something happened to vex you? I insist upon your telling me.

Louise. Perhaps it is very silly of me; but I confess I am much annoyed at something in my brother's letter.

Minnie. Ah! What does he say, then? May I know, or is it a secret?

Louise. It cannot be a secret long; and, therefore—read, there's the letter. (*Giving it.*) Begin there. (*Pointing*)

Minnie. (*Reading.*) "And now, my dearest sister, two words on another subject, and one very near my heart. It is time you should be established in life, and I have made the acquaintance of a worthy young man, whom I am most anxious to see your husband. I shall bring him with me." How! A husband! That is a present, indeed. Well, my dear, a worthy young man, and a friend of your brother's, what is there to vex you in that?

Louise. Would you have me marry a man I do not love?

Minnie. If you hav'n't seen him, how can you tell that you will not love him?

Louise. But—suppose I love one already—fondly, devotedly?

Minnie. Ah, that's another case! And you do?

Louise. Oh, yes; but do not betray me, Minnie! It is a secret I have confided to you alone.

Minnie. I betray you? Not for the world. But who is it? Do I know him?

Louise. Do not ask me any more questions, dear Minnie, but serve me. You can, greatly.

Minnie. With pleasure. What shall I do?

Louise. See my brother alone, tell him that I have requested you to break this matter to him—that it is impossible for me to comply with his wish—that I cannot marry this stranger—that I cannot love him—

Minnie. And that you love another?

Louise. No, no, not that. He would insist upon my naming him, and that I can do to no one. No one shall ever know.

Minnie. He is some great personage, then—some man of fortune or family?

Louise. Pray do not ask me. Not even to you.

Minnie. But why not speak to your brother yourself?

Louise. I dare not.

Minnie. Or ask Moritz—

Louise. No, no; not Moritz—nobody but you. You are so clever—have so much quickness and prudence—you will be sure to succeed. I will not see my brother till you have spoken with him.

Minnie. Not see him! But that will be very strange. How can you avoid it?

Louise. I'll lock myself in my own room.

Minnie. A capital plan, certainly! As if he wouldn't know you were there, and make you come out! No, no; run across the field to old Aunt Dorothy's, and I'll give a hint to Moritz—and we'll find some excuse. Tell your brother you were obliged to— Bless me, it's very awkward! I shall have to tell a whole heap of stories, and I never told more than one at a time in my life. No matter, I'll do my best—anything to serve you. I'd marry the strange young man myself, sooner than see you miserable. Oh, la! No; I can't do that, because there's Moritz. Never mind, I'll do something. Ah, capital! I'd quite forgot my own idea, too—the trick I was bent upon playing. The very thing. Run along, Louise, before anyone comes, and stay at Aunt Dorothy's until I come to you.

Louise. But what trick?

Minnie. Nay; don't ask me any more questions now. I'll manage everything.

Hans. (*Speaking without.*) There you are at last, my dear Ernest.

Minnie. Run—run, they are here!

Louise. Oh, if I could have but one look at my brother!

Minnie. You shall have plenty by-and-by. If he sees you now, it's all over. [*Exit Louise, L. D.*]

Ah, but I don't think I shall have courage now. Let me see what he's like first. (*Retires.*)

Enter HANS and ERNEST, c. from L.

Ernest. My dear Moritz, how glad I am to shake you by the hand again!

Hans. And I—and I. I've been on the road to meet you. How could we miss?

Ernest. I left my luggage to come by the diligence, and walked over the hills to Neustadt, where I expected to find a person who was to have accompanied me hither. But where is my sister?

Hans. Oh, not far off—getting the dinner ready for you, I'll be bound! Louise! I'll run and fetch her. I say, you'll be surprised; you can't guess what she's like.

Ernest. Nonsense! I should know her instantly!

Hans. No, you wouldn't; she isn't a morsel like the poor little pale thing you left behind you.

Ernest. Well, well; let me judge for myself.

Hans. Oh, you shall directly! Louise—Louise!

[*Exit Hans, R. D.*]

Minnie. (*Advancing, L., and aside.*) Now's the time? He's a very good-looking fellow. I'll risk it; it is but a joke if it fails.

Ernest. Hah, a young woman! Can that be Louise?

Minnie. Ernest!

Ernest. 'Tis she—'tis my sister! My dear—dear Louise! (*Running to her and embracing her.*)

Minnie. (*Aside.*) He's a very nice young man, and didn't wait for me to tell him a story.

Ernest. Are you as delighted to see me as I am to see you?

Minnie. That I am.

Ernest. Dear Louise! Moritz was right so far. You are not the sort of girl I expected to see; you are much darker and stouter than you promised to be as a child; and yet I knew you instantly.

Minnie. How curious!

Ernest. Should you have known me again?

Minnie. Not in the least; it seems as if I had never seen you before.

Ernest. Ah, you were so young, and I have gone through so much since then—climate, travel, and anxiety, for all combined to change me sadly!

Minnie. Nay; I am sure you are not changed sadly.

Re-enter HANS, R.

Hans. It's very strange. I can't find Louise anywhere.

Ernest. Not at all. You didn't look for her in the right place. You see I have found her.

Hans. Eh? (*Staring.*)

Minnie. Yes, Moritz; he has found me—(*making signs to him*)—and, only think, he knew me first—the moment he set eyes on me.

Hans. The deuce he did! That's capital! I told you so.

Ernest. On the contrary, you said quite the reverse. You swore I should not recognise her; but I said "Louise" before she said "Ernest."

Hans. Oh, stuff and nonsense! But I'm not going to—

Minnie. (*Going over to him.*) But I tell you he did, Moritz. (*Aside and quickly.*) Hold your tongue—it's to serve Louise!

Hans. (*Aside.*) Eh? Serve Louise! Are you sure?

Minnie. Yes; it is her wish—only for an hour or so.

Hans. Oh, well, in that case, if it's her wish—It is a good joke, too. Ha, ha! (*Laughing.*) And you really said "Louise" before she said "Ernest"?

Ernest. I did; I felt certain, and yet I admit I had formed a very different notion.

Hans. I believe you. She's no more like—

Ernest. Oh, mind, I'm perfectly satisfied; nay more, I'm enchanted with her appearance, only I expected to see her more like her mother!

Minnie. People who recollect him say I'm the image of my father.

Hans. (*Aside.*) The impudent hussey!

Ernest. There is a look, certainly.

Hans. You see it, do you? That's excellent!

Ernest. But he was far from handsome.

Minnie. Eh?

Ernest. Whilst you are lovely—

Minnie. What a charming brother! Isn't he, Moritz?

Hans. Oh, pooh, pooh! If he says that to you, what'll he say to—

Minnie. Hold your tongue and don't be rude, sir.

Ernest. And have you often thought of me whilst I was away?

Minnie. Oh, every hour—every moment!

Hans. (*Aside.*) The barefaced creature! She makes me blush.

Minnie. Why didn't you come back sooner?

Ernest. You would not have had me leave just as affairs were taking a favourable turn, and I was certain of making money?

Minnie. Making money! Then you are rich! Moritz, he's rich!

Hans. Well, well, I know.

Ernest. At any rate, I have enough for both of us, Louise; you shall share with me every dollar.

Minnie. What a darling brother! Isn't he, Moritz?

Hans. (*Aside.*) She's mercenary—downright mercenary! I'm disgusted with her!

Minnie. But why didn't you send us some money before, or at least tell us you were making it?

Hans. Oh, oh, Ernest, I beg you won't think—I can't permit—

Ernest. My dear friend, let her talk; her simplicity delights me.

Hans. (*Aside.*) Simplicity! Oh, Lord, the deepest little devil—

Ernest. Look you, Louise—Fortune is a very fickle mistress—a gale of wind—a dishonest agent, the least accident, and ruin stares you in the face. I waited till I had realized—nay, till I had actually landed on my native shore—in order not to waken hopes that might have been suddenly extinguished. Besides, had I held out expectations to you, a young girl situated as you were in this humble village, educated just sufficiently for—

Minnie. Just sufficiently—very sufficiently. Oh, I promise you Moritz has spared no expense in your sister's education.

Hans. What nonsense! Ernest, I assure you—

Ernest. Let her speak, man; I tell you I like to hear her. What have you been taught, then?

Minnie. Oh, not only reading, and writing, and grammar, and all that, but drawing—

Ernest. Drawing? Indeed!

Minnie. Here, look here!

(Showing Louise's drawing.)

Ernest. Upon my word, very nicely touched.

Minnie. Isn't it? I flatter myself. And music and singing—

Ernest. Bravo! Why, my dear Moritz—

Hans. She'll drive me crazy. If it wasn't for Louise—

Ernest. Music and singing! Oh, I must have a song directly!

Minnie. Eh! From me?

Ernest. Yes, of course; I doat on singing, and am dying to hear you.

Minnie. Oh, very well, if you like!

Hans. (Aside.) Mercy on me! What will she sing to him?

Minnie. (To Hans.) Shall I sing "Du du"?

Hans. No; don't, don't!

Minnie. Well, then, "The Vixen"?

Hans. Of course. I don't think she knows another.

SONG.—MINNIE.

(Printed by the kind permission of Mr. C. Mathews, the author.)

You may tease me, you may tease me,

But I'll have my own way still—

Yes, that I will.

You must bear me if you'd wear me,

For I'll yield to no man's rule—

No, I'll not be such a fool.

I'll give you tit for tat,

And so I tell you flat

I've a hand that can smile,

I've a tooth that can bite,

And a smile for the man who'll please me;

I've a heart for one, a head for fun,

And a tongue that loves to run.

You may tease me, you may tease me,

But I'll have my own way still—

Yes, that I will.

If I can't be a wife all the days of my life,

At any rate I'll rule while I'm young.

Tic-et-tic-et-tac, so like the mill clack,

Tic-et-tic-et-tac, shall run my tongue:

You may please me, you may please me,

If you'll let me have my say—

Yes, that's the way.

You must hear me and must fear me.

Love, honour, and obey—

That's the phrase you'll have to say

Instead of me, d'ye see,

If ever married we be?

I must always be heard,

I must have the last word,

And peruse every whim that may seize me.

While you submit, nor growl a bit,

But do as I think fit.

You will please me, you will please me,

If you'll let me have my say—

Yes, that's the way.

Thus you'll get a good wife for the rest of your life,

With a heart that is honest and true.

Tic-et-tic-et-tac, so like the mill clack,

Tic-et-tic-et-tac, 'twill beat for you.

Ernest. Merry little rogue! Why, Moritz, you don't seem pleased with her, and I declare I'm quite bewitched.

Hans. Don't you be in a hurry, you don't know Louise yet.

Ernest. I know enough to be delighted with her. Her appearance, her gaiety, her simplicity, her affection, are all I could desire.

Hans. (Aside.) Oh, but this won't do! I can't suffer this; he'll like her better than Louise. I must find out where she is. (Aloud.) Come, Ernest, you must be hungry; I told Louise to get something ready for you to eat.

Minnie. Oh, and, and I never thought any more about it!

Hans. Now was there ever— And what on earth have you been about then all the while?

Minnie. Oh, I don't know! Drawing.

Hans. Drawing! (Aside.) She drawing! Well, of all the impudent fibs! Why, she knows as much about drawing as a cow! (Aloud.) I'm quite ashamed of you!

Ernest. Come—come, Moritz, you sha'n't scold her, I'll have no scolding to-day. I'm not at all hungry, I made a capital breakfast, and can very well wait. Do you go to the inn, and see if the diligence has arrived with my luggage, and that it is safely sent down here. I've a thousand things to talk about with my dear little sister, and sha'n't be able to spare her for a long time. So go, there's a good fellow.

Minnie. Yes, go, there's a good fellow. You needn't hurry back, I shall be quite happy with my charming brother.

Hans. Very well—very well, I'll go. (Aside.) I'll find Louise, if she's above ground, and understand the meaning of all this. I suspect it's only an idle trick of Minnie's after all, and if so I'll never forgive her as long as I live, that I won't.

[Exit, C. and H.]

Ernest. Well, now we're alone, Louise, tell me what think you of my proposition?

Minnie. Your proposition!

Ernest. Yes, the one in my letter to you. You received my letter, did you not?

Minnie. Your letter? Oh, yes. (Aside.) Famous! He begins everything for me himself. (Aloud.) But I thought you said the young man was to come with you.

Ernest. I expected so; I wrote to him, and begged him to meet me at Nenstadt, but he did not make his appearance this morning, and as I was most impatient to see you and my dear friend, Moritz, I hastened on and left word for him to follow me as soon as possible! He must soon be here. I hope you will like him.

Minnie. Ah, I don't know! I can't promise. There are so many considerations.

Ernest. Oh, I admit it's a serious matter; but I am most anxious that this union should take place. I am under great obligations to his father, who is a wealthy merchant at Baltimore. I am principally indebted to him for my present position. The son is a good-looking young man, easy-tem-

pered—not very bright, perhaps—but would, I feel assured, make you a kind husband, and therefore, my dear Louise—

Minnie. Oh, I don't know! I tell you I can't promise—I—

Ernest. You speak as if you did know, as if there were some obstacle. Is there already someone who—

Minnie. Someone? Oh, for the matter of that, some dozen perhaps!

Ernest. Aye, aye, of course. A pretty girl like you. But I mean one whom you have distinguished—whom you, in short, love very much.

Minnie. Very much! Very much is a great deal.

Ernest. Oh, well, then, if you don't love anybody else very much there are hopes, if you are not too particular, too difficult to be pleased!

Minnie. No, not too difficult.

Ernest. What sort of a person, now, should you prefer?

Minnie. Just such a sort of person as you are.

Ernest. Oh, flatterer, it's because I am your brother!

Minnie. Not at all. Now I've got you I shall show you as a pattern to all the young men who wish to please me.

Ernest. Really! Well, I can most truly say that I can return the compliment. So, my dear Louise, if you can find as nice a girl as yourself in the neighbourhood, be she rich or poor I care not, if she can like me, I'll marry her.

Minnie. You will? Directly?

Ernest. Yes, to be sure. When you are married, as I hope you soon will be, what should I remain single for? I shall need an affectionate companion and a good housekeeper—I don't want to be an old bachelor. So find me a wife, Louise, directly, if you can, and we'll both be married on the same day.

Minnie. Directly, directly.

Ernest. Oh, yes; I hate waiting!

Minnie. Oh, so do I! *(Aside.)* And there's Moritz, I do believe he'd wait till doomsday.

Ernest. But, in the meanwhile, promise me, my dear sister—*(Taking her by the hand, he sees the ring upon her finger.)* Heyday! What's this? A ring, and a very pretty one too. I say, Louise, who gave you this ring, with a true lover's knot upon it, eh?

Minnie. *(Aside.)* My gracious! I forgot the ring! If he should guess—

Ernest. Why, I declare, there's a name in it. "Hans Moritz!" Louise, what does this mean?

Minnie. Oh, don't be frightened! It's only a ring I promised Moritz to take to the jeweller's. I thought you knew all about it.

Ernest. All about what?

Minnie. About his marriage.

Ernest. His marriage! Moritz, is he married?

Minnie. Not yet; but he's going to be. He was waiting, he says, for your arrival.

Ernest. For my arrival? And who is he going to marry?

Enter HANS, c. from R.

Hans. *(L., aside.)* I can't find her, high or low.

Ernest. *(C.)* So, so! Come here, if you please. *(Taking Hans by the arm and leading him forward.)* You're a pretty fellow!

Hans. Pretty! Pooh—stuff! What d'ye mean?

Ernest. You are going to be married, it seems,

and you never said a word to me; but for this ring I should have known nothing about it.

Hans. That ring—that's my ring, certainly; and she has told you, then?

Ernest. Of course.

Hans. Oh, well, I'm glad of that, for I began to get sick of the joke!

Ernest. Joke!

Minnie. *(R., aside.)* He'll make some mischief now, he will.

Hans. You are not angry, I hope. I can assure you I had no hand in it.

Ernest. What do you mean by a joke, and you'd no hand in it? Are you going to be married or not?

Minnie. Yes; certainly, he is going to be married. *(Making signs to Hans.)*

Hans. Yes; certainly, I am going to be married. *(Aside.)* What the deuce is she making signs to me now about?

Ernest. And to whom? For that's what I want to know.

Hans. To whom! What, hasn't she told you that, then?

Minnie. No; I left that for you to do, of course.

Hans. Oh, you left that for me to do! Well then, I am to say—

Minnie. Her name—certainly, if you know it; for the man really looks as if he didn't!

Ernest. Ha, ha! So he does! Why, Moritz, don't look so foolish about it, man! Do you know her name or not?

Minnie. Yes; do you know her name or not?

Hans. Why, of course I do.

Minnie. Well, then, what is it?

Hans. Why you know well enough.

Ernest. But she wishes you to tell me.

Hans. She does? *(Minnie makes signs to him.)* Well, then, it's Minnie, there!

Ernest. Minnie, and a very pretty name, too! And who may Minnie be at present?

Minnie. Oh, a young woman in this village!

Hans. Eh? *(Aside.)* Why, then, she hasn't told him. I'll be hanged if—

Minnie. *(Crossing to him.)* And a very nice young woman, isn't she, Moritz?

Hans. Oh, yes; a very nice young woman, upon my word! *(Aside.)* How long do you mean to keep up this folly?

Minnie. *(Aside.)* As long as Louise pleases.

Hans. *(Aside.)* Then it is really Louise who—

Minnie. *(Aside.)* Hush! *(Aloud.)* I must run, now, Ernest, to the jeweller's.

Ernest. Not now!

Minnie. Oh, yes, I must; because I promised Minnie also to get her name put in it directly! I sha'n't be gone long. *(Aside to Hans.)* I'm going to Louise. Not a word for your life!

[Exit Minnie, c. and R.]

Hans. *(Aside.)* Louise! *(Aloud.)* Here, stop! I'll go with you!

Ernest. *(Stopping him.)* No, no; I can't spare both of you. Besides, I want to say something to you particular. I am delighted to hear this news about you, for, do you know, I began to be a little alarmed.

Hans. Alarmed?

Ernest. When I say alarmed, I don't mean exactly that; but—I wasn't quite easy, you see. It crossed my mind more than once. My sister is young, and you are young. She is very handsome, and you are—very good-natured; and since your

mother's death you have been living together under the same roof, and it might have happened, naturally enough, that—

Hans. How, Ernest? Is it possible? What do you take me for?

Ernest. For a very honest fellow, and the best friend I have in the world; but you might have fallen in love with Louise for all that, and she with you—all in honour, mind; but still—

Hans. I—I fall in love with Louise! Ernest, I can bear a great deal, but to be accused by you of even the suspicion—

Ernest. My good fellow, it would have been no crime to have fallen in love, only unfortunate inasmuch as—

Hans. No crime! It would have been abominable—a downright breach of trust! Good gracious! Louise, my friend's sister, the child I had brought up, for whom I would suffer anything, do anything, lay down my life; and to be told I might have fallen in love with her! Ernest, I can't bear it! You've hurt my feelings deeply.

Ernest. Why, Moritz, are you crazy? I tell you again and again, I do not suspect you of anything in the slightest degree dishonourable; on the contrary, nothing could have been more agreeable to me under some circumstances, only having promised Louise to somebody else—

Hans. Eh? Promised Louise—to somebody! What—in marriage?

Ernest. In marriage to the son of a great friend of mine. I expect him every moment. Louise acknowledges she doesn't love anyone particularly.

Hans. She does!

Ernest. Yes; do you doubt it?

Hans. I—no.

Ernest. Many, no doubt, are fond of her.

Hans. Not one, that I know of. Oh, if any had dared—

Ernest. (Smiling.) Bless me, you have been a most redoubtable guardian, indeed, then! What, do you mean to say no young villager ever—

Hans. (Crossing to R.) Never! If I had caught one even looking at her— By the bye, there was a rascal, a good-for-nothing vagabond—

Ernest. Indeed!

Hans. Oh, not a neighbour, quite a stranger! An impudent puppy, who sent for me to mend the wheel of his cabriolet, and came here two or three times, peering and prying about, and at last actually got into conversation with Louise while I was out this morning. Oh, if he hadn't taken himself off as quietly as he did, if I wouldn't with this very hammer have given him such a—

Enter FLITTERMAN, C. from L.

Ha, here he is again! What the devil do you want now? Get out of my shop, or—

Flit. (L.) Help! Murder!

Ernest. Hold, hold, Moritz! What are you about? This is the friend I was speaking of.

Hans. (R.) This!

Flit. Ernest, my dear fellow, I never was so glad to see anybody in all my life. Why, this barbarous wheelwright would have knocked my brains out.

Hans. That depends upon circumstances. I should have broken your head, at all events.

Flit. You are very kind. And for what reason, pray?

Hans. For sneaking into my house, when I was absent, and talking nonsense to Louise.

Flit. Nonsense. I am incapable. And what if I did? I had a right.

Hans. A right!

Flit. A right. Hadn't I, Ernest? I told the lady I had a reason for it, but she didn't understand me. "How could she?" you'll say; and I admit, at the time, it was not possible. But now here is my friend, Ernest, to vouch for me, and present me in form to my intended.

Hans. His intended!

Ernest. Yes, Moritz; this is the husband I have selected for Louise.

Hans. (Aside.) Oh, if I'd had but one thump at him before I knew that!

Ernest. And so you have been here some time before me, reconnoitering incognito, eh, you sly rogue? Well, and what do you think of Louise?

Flit. Why, I don't exactly know; because I am not positively certain which is Louise.

Ernest. Which! What d'ye mean?

Flit. I mean there are two.

Ernest. Two! Why you have been in conversation with her.

Flit. I have exchanged some words with both, but—

Ernest. Both! Is there more than Louise?

Flit. I cannot positively assert that; but I have generally seen two very charming specimens of the softer sex in this house together, and the only time I succeeded in finding one of them alone, I was unable to discover her baptismal appellation.

Ernest. Well, I have only one sister, to my knowledge, and here she is.

Re-enter MINNIE, C. and R.

Minnie. (R., aside.) The strange young man!

Flit. Bless me, this is Louise, then!

Ernest. Certainly. Who else do you say she is?

Flit. Oh, I don't dispute your authority for a moment! Besides, I know she is one of the two; and if she is your sister Louise, why it is most probable that the other cannot be.

Ernest. So I should imagine, certainly. Come hither, sister. It seems this gentleman and you have met before; but, as he did not explain the real motive of his visit, of course you could not be aware that he was the person I spoke of in my letter.

Minnie. He! (Aside.) Oh, but I don't like him at all!

Flit. Ah, ma'amselle, it is at last permitted me to express, without disguise, the sentiments of admiration with which you have inspired me. Allow me on those sweet lips—

Minnie. Go away!

Flit. Go away?

Ernest. Why, I must say, I think her hand might have sufficed upon a first introduction. Besides, I am not going to force my sister's inclinations. There is time enough before us.

Hans. } Oh, plenty, plenty!

Minnie. }

Ernest. You will find opportunities, no doubt, of making yourself agreeable; but till then, you cannot expect a young person—it would not be delicate. (Aside.) S'death, I don't know how it is, but I'm rather glad Louise is not taken with him. (Aloud.) Moritz, you talked about something to eat just now. My friend here would, perhaps, be glad of some refreshment.

Hans. Oh, certainly! If you'll walk in, I'll follow you directly.

Flit. Ma'amselle, you will at least allow me the pleasure—

Minnie. Go away. I want to speak to Moritz.

Flit. Go away! It's very remarkable that she always tells me to go away.

Ernest. But you hear she wants to speak to Moritz. Come in, they'll both follow us.

Hans. Yes, yes, directly! I want to speak to—*[Exeunt Ernest with Flitterman, R. D.]*—to Minnie.

Minnie. I shall speak first.

Hans. No; except to tell me where Louise is! I'll bear it no longer.

Minnie. She's not far off. Let that satisfy you.

Hans. But it won't satisfy me. I wish she was a hundred leagues off—five hundred leagues—anywhere, sooner than she should run the chance of marrying that puppy, that fool, that monkey-faced coxcomb.

Minnie. Well, well, be quiet. I hate the fellow as much as you do; but, for that very reason, I must fetch Louise back. Ernest will otherwise expect me to marry the puppy.

Hans. You! Well, but stop a bit, that's a different affair, because—

Minnie. Oh, I know he can't make me, because I'm not his sister, and, besides, I'm engaged to you!

Hans. Yes; but that's what I was coming to. I was going to say that the gentleman seemed to be a good match; his father is a rich merchant, and if he has really taken a fancy to you, why I'm sure, Minnie, I'm too much your friend to stand in the way.

Minnie. I'm much obliged to you, upon my word. Why, I tell you, I hate the man!

Hans. Hate's a strong expression, Minnie. I really don't see why you should hate him. He's rather agreeable, and not ill-looking.

Minnie. Why, only this moment you called him a fool and a monkey-faced coxcomb!

Hans. Ah, that was because—I was merely speaking—by comparison; but—if the poor young fellow doats upon you—

Minnie. Doats on me! Why, Moritz, you're as great a fool as he is to talk such nonsense. If you don't want to marry me leave it alone. But I'm not going to be tossed like an apple into anybody's hands you please, sir!

Hans. Nay, Minnie, I'm sure I didn't mean—

Minnie. Oh, don't speak to me, I'm in a downright passion, and I won't bear it any longer for anybody! Here's Ernest, with his folly, asking me to find him a wife, that he may marry directly—to-morrow—to-day if she likes. It's too bad.

Hans. Too bad! What's there too bad in that, if he chooses—

Minnie. It doesn't signify. He has no business to ask me to find him a wife. I'm not his sister, and I won't do it! I'll fetch Louise directly, and she may find him a wife if she likes.

Hans. No, Minnie; don't bring her here—pray don't, just now; only tell me where she is, that I may go and—

Minnie. I shall do no such thing, I'll go myself. In five minutes I'll have her here, and tell Mr. Ernest, "There's your sister, sir—I never was your sister, and I never will be your sister, as long as I live—that I won't!"

Hans. Minnie, I forbid you; as your future husband, I forbid you to stir a step!

Minnie. As your future wife, I shall do just as I like.

[Exit, L.]

Hans. Minnie! Oh, confound it; she'll bring her back to oblige Ernest! Louise will marry this ninnyhammer, I know she will. Oh, if I could but hit upon some plan, wouldn't I put a famous spoke in his wheel this time?

Enter ERNEST, R.

Ernest. Moritz, what the deuce are you about there, by yourself, too? You said you would follow us.

Hans. *(Going the other way.)* Yes, I'm coming.

Ernest. You call that coming?

Hans. No, I was just going to—that is—Where's your friend?

Ernest. Flitterman! He's walking in the garden. Are you going to give us any dinner or not?

Hans. Why, certainly.

Ernest. And where's Louise?

Hans. Louise! Oh, she's just run out to fetch something! *(Aside.)* Oh, capital! I've got such an ideal!

Ernest. She doesn't seem to fancy my friend, Flitterman. Has she said anything to you about it?

Hans. She can't bear him.

Ernest. Indeed!

Hans. You don't seem to be much disappointed.

Ernest. Don't I? Oh, but I am! It's so awkward, when one's word is engaged. You are quite sure she dislikes him?

Hans. Detests him so much, that what do you think she is going to do?

Ernest. What, for mercy's sake? Nothing desperate, I hope.

Hans. No; only a trick to get rid of him.

Ernest. A trick?

Hans. Don't you betray me if I tell you?

Ernest. Certainly not.

Hans. Well, then, she's gone to fetch a young girl, a friend of hers, and one she can make do anything, and means to tell you that you have been deceived; that this young person is really your sister, and that she only passed herself upon you for fun.

Ernest. For fun! Jest with my feelings at such a moment—impossible!

Hans. It's a fact. I tried all I could to dissuade her, but she ran off determined to do it.

Ernest. She will never dare—with you on the spot for me to appeal to, and who are bound in honour to tell me the truth and unmask the imposture.

Hans. Oh, she'll dare anything! There never was such a little devil, when she's made up her mind to do anything. Here they come; you needn't say I told you.

Ernest. Oh, I could never have suspected Louise of such duplicity!

Hans. *(Aside.)* I think I've turned the tables on Ma'amselle Minnie now.

Enter MINNIE with LOUISE, L.

Minnie. *(Aside to her as they enter.)* Come along, don't hang back, there's nothing to fear. He won't insist on your marrying the man if you don't like him.

Louise. Are you sure of that?

Minnie. Yes, yes; he said as much! Come along. (*To Ernest.*) Don't be angry, if you please; but here's a young person whom you ought to be very fond of. I think if you look at her and then at me, you'll acknowledge—

Ernest. That I have been deceived. Yes; I know it full well; but not as you would pretend. I have been deceived in you, Louise, because I did not imagine you capable of such conduct. Nay; attempt not to deny it. I know all. I know you were about to tell me this was my sister, and that you had merely assumed her character in jest.

Louise. (*To Minnie.*) What does he mean?

Minnie. (*Aside.*) This is Master Moritz! But I'll pay him off yet.

Hans. (*Aside.*) She's dumbfounded!

Ernest. It is a most unpardonable proceeding, and I know not which is most afflicting to me—your trifling with my feelings, your want of confidence in my affection, or the unblushing coolness with which you stand there, detected in your falsehood. Your friend, I am happy to see, is not so practised in dissimulation. She, poor thing, evidently feels the disgrace of her position. But I forgive her freely. She has been misled, and—

Minnie. My dear Ernest, forgive me for stopping you, but I really don't understand what on earth you are talking about, and don't believe you are much wiser yourself. What absurd story has some silly goose, or some malicious busybody been trumping up to make mischief between us, just at the moment, too, when I was thinking of nothing but your happiness and comfort?

Ernest. How?

Hans. (*Aside.*) What is she at now?

Minnie. Didn't it strike you directly why I should introduce a pretty young friend to you, and tell you you ought to be very fond of her? Didn't you give me a commission to find one that you could be fond of—

Ernest. I?

Minnie. Why, you can't have forgotten it, surely! Your words to me were—"If you can find as nice a girl as yourself in this neighbourhood, rich or poor, I care not, if she can like me, I'll marry her!" Here she is; here's the very person for you; she'll make you the best wife in the world!

Hans. Wife!

Louise. (*Aside to her.*) What are you saying?

Minnie. (*Aside.*) Let me alone.

Ernest. Why, Moritz, what could have put such a notion in your head? You see Louise never thought of deceiving me.

Hans. Didn't she! (*Aside.*) I could smother her. But let her go on—let her go on; she's making a fine rod for her own back. When he comes to know the truth, as he shall do in five minutes—

Ernest. My dear Louise, I am quite ashamed of my folly. What is the name, pray, of your charming friend?

Hans. (*Aside.*) Ha, what's her name? I should like to know her name.

Minnie. Minnie.

Ernest. } Minnie!

Hans. }

Minnie. Minnie. Where's the wonder? Moritz knows her very well, don't you, Moritz?

Hans. Know her—yes, I do, and— (*Aside.*) Oh, if it wasn't for Louise herself—

Ernest. To be sure; for, if I recollect rightly you told me that he was going to be married to that very Minnie—and he acknowledged it—and I saw the ring that— What is the meaning of this?

Minnie. Why, that Moritz has behaved very ill; that, in fact, he doesn't care about Minnie. Let him deny, if he can, that he actually advised Minnie to marry somebody else; and said he wouldn't stand in her way. Didn't you, Moritz?

Hans. (*Aside.*) She'll drive me mad!

Ernest. Oh, Moritz!

Louise. (*To Minnie.*) Is that true?

Minnie. (*Aside.*) It is! He can't deny it.

Ernest. Well, but Minnie herself—

Minnie. Oh, she has too much spirit to be treated in that way, after taking compassion—actually taking compassion on the man!

Ernest. Then she was not in love with him!

Minnie. In love with him? Oh, lud, in love! Oh, oh, what a man to be in love with!

Louise. (*Aside to her.*) Minnie.

Ernest. Louise, Louise, remember he has been a kind friend to you.

Hans. Oh, let her go on—let her go on; I deserve it—I deserve it. But that Louise herself should—

Louise. (*Aside.*) I cannot bear this. (*Minnie crosses to Louise.*) I entreat you, undeceive my brother; or, at all risks—

Enter FLITTERMAN, c. from L.

Flit. (*c.*) Ernest, Ernest, my good friend, such an adventure! I—I declare I'm quite out of breath!

Ernest. (*L. c.*) What has happened? Explain!

Flit. Explain! It's for you to explain some of you. I'm more puzzled than ever. You see, I got tired of walking up and down the garden, so I walked out of it into the village, and just strolling round the houses, I came upon a smart little shop with a parcel of pretty trinkets in the window; so I went in to buy some trifle or another and, talking to the man, I mentioned by accident your name and that of your sister. "Ma'amselle Louise," says he; "a most charming and accomplished young lady. I've been framing her picture, drawn by herself, as a present for her brother."

All. (*In different tones.*) Ha!

Flit. And with that he pops it into my hand. I cast my eyes upon it, and what d'ye think—it's somebody else!

Ernest. Somebody else! A mistake of the framer's then.

Flit. Not at all! I knew it directly—it's the other.

Ernest. The other! What other?

Flit. Why, I told you there were two, and there—there they are now—(*turning round and seeing Louise and Minnie*)—and there's the portrait—I brought it with me—judge for yourself.

Ernest. (*Looking at the miniature.*) There can be no doubt. This is Minnie, or else— Louise, what does this mean?

Minnie. (*Aside.*) The game's over. I wonder who's won.

Ernest. Louise, I say. She doesn't speak. Moritz, Minnie—all dumb! No, no; your silence speaks too plainly. I have been deceived cruelly; you have all been in a plot to mystify—to torment me! Enough! I am sorry I returned amongst you; but it is not too late. Flitterman, come with me.

Louise. (*Rushing forward.*) Brother—brother, stay, I conjure you!

Ernest. Brother! It is so, then—you are Louise?

Louise. I am—I am! Forgive Minnie and Moritz; it was all my fault—my folly.

Ernest. But the motive? What object could you have?

Louise. None—none!

Minnie. I'll tell you.

Louise. Minnie, I implore you.

Minnie. Oh, I must—I must, indeed! The truth is, she did not want to marry that gentleman.

Flit. (*L.*) How very strange. And wherefore?

Minnie. Because she loved somebody else.

Hans. Loved somebody else!

Ernest. And who is he?

Minnie. Ah, that she must tell you herself, for I don't know—she wouldn't trust me!

Hans. Loves somebody else! Who can it be?

Ernest. Come, Louise, my dear sister, I am not angry with you; tell me—(*crosses to her*)—confide in your brother. Be assured your happiness is his first consideration.

Hans. And me, Louise—you have always trusted me before. Why should you have kept this secret from me? If you had only said "Moritz, I love somebody else"—

Louise. But I should not have said so—to you.

Hans. Eh?

Ernest. (*C.*) What, is it Moritz, then, after all?

Minnie. Moritz!

Hans. Me? No, impossible! Ma'amsselle Louise, you don't mean it! Ernest, I wish I may die if I ever said such a word to her; on the contrary, I did everything I could to—to—

Minnie. To deceive both of us, you wretch! To make believe that you didn't love her, and that you did love me! Was there ever such an impostor?

Flit. (*L.*) I blush for my sex!

Ernest. Come, come, I feel that I alone am to blame. Foreseeing, as I did, the probability of such a case, I should have delayed till my arrival the promise of my sister's hand. You love her, Moritz—I see you do.

Hans. I can't help it—I couldn't help it! I tried everything—

Minnie. (*R.*) Yes; and would have married me!

Hans. Oh, how I must have loved her to have done that!

Minnie. (*Crosses to him.*) Why, you brute!

Ernest. Nay, Minnie. I can understand his feelings, and they do him honour. I am sure he would still make a kind and faithful husband to you, if you hold him to his engagement.

Minnie. Not I! There's somebody else I like better myself.

Ernest. Whoever is your choice, I am bound to make you some amends. As my sister has deprived you of one husband, I will give you a handsome portion to another; and if my friend here, who has so warmly expressed his admiration of you—

Minnie. He? No! (*To Flitterman.*) Go away!

Ernest. Indeed! But that I fear I might again deceive myself, I would venture to hope that the offer of my own hand might in some measure compensate—

Minnie. To be sure it would; if you're not like Moritz, and marry me because you love somebody else.

Ernest. No, no; I'll love you, and none but you, my pretty, pretty Minnie; and so, please Cupid, we'll all four be married together.

Minnie. (*C.*) Directly.

Ernest. (*L. C.*) To-morrow.

Hans. (*R.*) Hurrah! So we will!

Flit. (*L.*) All four. Then I—

Hans. You! You're like a fifth wheel to a coach—not wanted.

Flit. But I want a wife.

Minnie. Go, away, then, and get SOMEBODY ELSE.

FINALE.—MINNIE.

Do we please you, do we please you?

If so, there's one thing plain—

You'll come again.

Have we power,

For an hour,

To drive dull care away?

Why, then, some other day,

Without any fuss,

You'll come and visit us; thus

Be assured I won't say

To you "Go away,"

For a welcome my heart decrees you.

And pray now do,

With each of you,

Bring somebody else here too.

Do we please you, do we please you?

If so, there's one thing plain—

You'll come again.

And if you intend

Our new piece to befriend,

It is thus your good will you must show—

Tic-et-tic-et-tac, just like the mill clack,

Tic-et-tic-et-tac your hands must go.

CURTAIN.



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